Thou wor'ſt that day the 3. Kings fell, but lighter.
*Arc.* That was a very good one, and that day
I well remember, you outdid me Coſen,
I never ſaw ſuch valour: when you chargd
Vpon the left wing of the Enemie,
I ſpurd hard to come up, and under me
I had a right good horſe.
*Pal.* You had indeede
A bright Bay I remember.
*Arc.* Yes but all
Was vainely labour'd in me, you outwent me,
Nor could my wiſhes reach you; yet a little
I did by imitation.
*Pal.* More by vertue,
You are modeſt Coſen.
*Arc.* When I ſaw you charge firſt,
Me thought I heard a dreadfull clap of Thunder
Breake from the Troope.
*Pal.* But ſtill before that flew
The lightning of your valour: Stay a little,
Is not this peece too ſtreight?
*Arc.* No, no, tis well.
*Pal.* I would have nothing hurt thee but my Sword,
A bruiſe would be diſhonour.
*Arc.* Now I am perfect.
*Pal.* Stand off then.
*Arc.* Take my Sword, I hold it better.
*Pal.* I thanke ye: No, keepe it, your life lyes on it,
Here's one, if it but hold, I aske no more,
For all my hopes: My Cauſe and honour guard me.
They bow ſeverall wayes: then advance and ſtand.
*Arc.* And me my love: * Is there ought elſe to ſay?
*Pal.* This onely, and no more: Thou art mine Aunts Son.
And that blood we deſire to ſhed is mutuall,
In me, thine, and in thee, mine: My Sword
Is in my hand, and if thou killſt me
The gods, and I forgive thee; If there be
A place prepar'd for thoſe that ſleepe in honour,
I wiſh his wearie ſoule, that falls may win it:
Fight



Fight bravely Coſen, give me thy noble hand.
*Arc.* Here *Palamon*: This hand ſhall never more
Come neare thee with ſuch friendſhip.
*Pal.* I commend thee.
*Arc.* If I fall, curſe me, and ſay I was a coward,
For none but ſuch, dare die in theſe juſt Tryalls.
Once more farewell my Coſen,
*Pal.* Farewell *Arcite*.
*Fight*
*Hornes within: they ſtand*
*Arc.* Loe Coſen, loe, our Folly has undon us.
*Pal.* Why?
*Arc.* This is the Duke, a hunting as I told you,
If we be found, we are wretched, O retire
For honours ſake, and ſafely preſently
Into your Buſh agen; Sir we ſhall finde
Too many howres to dye in, gentle Coſen:
If you be ſeene you periſh inſtantly
For breaking priſon, and I, if you reveale me,
For my contempt; Then all the world will ſcorne us,
And ſay we had a noble difference,
But baſe diſpoſers of it.
*Pal.* No, no, Coſen
I will no more be hidden, nor put off
This great adventure to a ſecond Tryall
I know your cunning, and I know your cauſe,
He that faints now, ſhame take him, put thy ſelfe
Vpon thy preſent guard.
*Arc.* You are not mad?
*Pal.* Or I will make th'advantage of this howre
Mine owne, and what to come ſhall threaten me,
I feare leſſe then my fortune: know weake Coſen
I love *Emilia*, and in that ile bury
Thee, and all croſſes elſe.
*Arc.* Then come, what can come
Thou ſhalt know *Palamon*, I dare as well
Die, as diſcourſe, or ſleepe: Onely this feares me,
The law will have the honour of our ends.
Have at thy life.